

IN THE FIELDS OF LABOR

THE APPRENTICESHIP QUESTION
ONE OF PARAMOUNT INTEREST.

Many Labor Unions Seek to Reduce the Number—Local and General News.

One of the biggest questions confronting the laboring men of today is that of the apprenticeship. There is scarcely any trade in which its followers do not complain that it is onerous. The introduction of machinery has done much to decrease the necessity for skilled mechanics in almost every craft. The machine unseating the tradesman on one hand and the apprentice becoming proficient in his trade on the other has swelled the ranks of skilled laboring men until the supply is exceeding the demand. The solution of this perplexing problem has been before the labor leaders of the country for several years, and trade unions have taken up the matter in nearly every branch. The movement now is to reduce the number of apprentices.

When the apprentice began to be considered by the trades unions a system was adopted limiting the number of apprentices. Gradually the limitations narrowed until now some unions have abolished the apprenticeship system entirely for a number of years until there is a greater demand for their particular trade, or the number of mechanics have decreased until they can no longer fill all of the places where they are needed. The plumbers, perhaps, have been more radical on the apprenticeship system than any other labor organization. They have decided in many cities to eliminate the apprenticeship system entirely for a number of years. They have been successful in establishing this rule in several places, but in Indianapolis, about a year ago, they failed after striking. The Typographical Union allows two apprentices to each office and one for each additional ten journeymen printers. The Iron Molders' Union allows but one apprentice to every eight men. Other trades average about the same as these organizations.

There has not been a national or international convention of the laboring men since the last in the last few years in which the apprenticeship system has not received lengthy discussion. The majority of the unions are in favor of reducing the number. The principal barrier now in controlling the apprenticeship is the union shop. In many unions, when a man is turned out as a journeyman in less than half the time prescribed by union rules, he then goes to cities where union wages are paid and the unions are obliged to take them in to prevent a harmful competition and a consequent cut in their wages. Most organizations in the large cities have been successful in organizing practically all of the skilled trades, but in the smaller places, where there are no unions, come the menacing apprentice with a half-trained trade, but with enough knowledge of it to be able to hold a position.

Three union butchers of New York city were fined for distributing boycott notices.

Sixty per cent. of the employees of the railways of New Zealand work in shifts of eight hours a day.

The Retail Clerks' Union of Bloomington, Ill., has compelled pawn brokers to close their places on Sunday.

The State of Washington has a law prohibiting the employment of female clerks longer than ten hours a day.

The United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America has a membership of 89,000, representing 112 local.

The Daily Press, an eight to twelve-page publication in Cripple Creek, Col., is owned entirely by organized workmen.

An injunction issued against members of the Machinists' Union at Memphis prevents them from climbing telegraph poles.

Cartoonists of Chicago, numbering 2,000, talk of organizing a union and applying to the American Federation of Labor for a charter.

The union laundry workers of the country have adopted a plan of starting a co-operative laundry where adjustments cannot be effected with their employers.

The union tailors of London created a sensation by showing that the clothes worn by the elite were made in a district infected with smallpox and other loathsome diseases.

The Supreme Court of New York denied a petition to enjoin the United Garment Workers from distributing circulars to a firm's customers, requiring such persons to not deal with the plaintiffs.

The coal miners of Cardiff, Wales, recently decided to strike on Fridays and Saturdays in order to reduce the production and thus maintain their wages, which are based on a sliding scale and controlled by the market price of coal.

Marseilles, Lille and Roubaix, France, have a commissary department in connection with their public schools. A free meal, with meat, is given to the children between the morning and the evening sessions, and, twice a year shoes and clothing are distributed.

French labor unions are making a great stride toward consolidation in the erection of a palace for labor in Paris. The building is being erected mainly with funds collected by labor organizations, but the city and state have given grants. The funds are now becoming exhausted, and the government will be petitioned to appropriate an additional \$50,000 to complete it. So anxious are the laboring men to have the building finished that they are donating their labor.

The blue label cigar on boxes of unsmoked cigars was not originally designed by the Cigar Makers' Union. Several years ago the cigar makers along the Pacific coast adopted it to distinguish their make from that of the Chinese. The public came to recognize the label as a safeguard against cheap imitations. It was not until the Chinese began to manufacture in Chinese quarters. The union cigar makers ever the country have been successful in results of the use of the label and finally adopted it at an international convention. Now it is recognized in all parts of the country as the trademark of the union.

There has been considerable agitation of late in labor organizations over the action of the Postal Department refusing to pass certain labor and Socialist publications through the mails as second-class matter. It is necessary that publications, to be recognized as second-class mail matter, shall have a bona fide business character. It was shown that a number of these publications did not have a recognized subscription circulation, and in all parts of the country where they were broken and distributed among the members. In these cases the union was the subscriber and paid a stipulated amount for so many papers. Several papers suspended publication on account of the action of the Postal Department, while others affected changed their system and established a bona fide subscription list.

The labor organizations of the country, and especially the stone cutters, are trying to secure the pardon of Louis Crawford, of Douglas, Wyo., who is now serving time in the federal prison at Alcatraz Island, Cal. Crawford joined the Stone Cutters' Union and paid his dues several years in advance, going to Denver for that purpose. Later, he enlisted in the army at Cheyenne, Wyo. Crawford's regiment was sent to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, by General

THE "FAD'S" REVENGE.

Extraordinary Incident at the Funeral of a Brooklyn Man.

New York Tribune.

The solemn exercises at the funeral of Mr. Black, a wealthy Brooklynite, last week were marred by a most untoward occurrence. He was a man of fads, but the one consuming fad of his existence was for musical instruments—not the ordinary piano and organ, but mechanical devices whereby harmonies were sounded by unseen forces. For instance, as one entered the house some secret connection with the door started the fluting strains of "Hail to the Chief" or the accompaniment of which the astonished guest was ushered into the reception room. Clocks of every sort sounded the minutes of the passing hours; in short, every piece of furniture in the house seemed in some way to be connected with a hidden orchestra.

Mr. Black's death was untimely; a hand organ, with a new and wonderful combination of every orchestral instrument that blares, suddenly began a concert in front of his home. In his eagerness to examine this new musical marvel Mr. Black tripped and fell down the long staircase, and his fall laid the penalty of this final pursuit of his ideal.

Before the funeral extreme care was taken to silence all harmonies of any kind. For two days the servants labored diligently, disconnecting wires and removing offending furniture. At last they rested from their labors, and the last sad hour arrived. The exercises were conducted in the house, and the minister was concluding his panegyric on the departed a belated mourner entered and was shown to the one empty chair in an obscure corner.

Silently the late-comer tiptoed to the chair and quietly sank into its depths. Instantly there pealed forth a loud chord, and then, without interruption, there came forth the loud, strident notes of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." All efforts to silence the music were futile. In notes that drowned the minister and were plainly audible for blocks the music continued, and not until the last strain had died away did the minister able to conclude his remarks.

A Chinese Loner.

New York Evening Post.

So singularly unexpected and rare is the sight of a Chinese loading and unloading his soul on a bench in any of the public parks that a disquieting-looking Mongolian who had been loitering in the park for some time, less than half an hour, in the early part of the week attracted attention. The impression of the Oriental enveloped him like a garment. He smoked a cigarette languidly, and he had been an American sitting in his chair, one would say he was envious. Shaking along the sidewalk he would have been a table bouncer had he been there. No one ever saw a Chinese in this country who did not wear a soft black felt hat with a single round flat top. While this unique young Oriental sat lazily on the bench and smoked, a crowd of people gathered round him. He looked at the crowd with a look of surprise. Many of them made comments. Some said: "What a queer fellow! He never saw a Chinese man loading before." A messenger boy who came along whistling stopped dead in his tracks. "Geel dere's a Chink on de bum," he said.

HELPING THE BLIND.

1. Lady—Poor, blind man; I'll give him this.

2. Organist—Here, dis is a counterfeitt

3. Lady—So, you're a fraud, and can see! Your sign says you are blind.

4. Organist—Oh, no. It's de dog that's blind.

5. Lady—So, you're a fraud, and can see! Your sign says you are blind.

6. Organist—Oh, no. It's de dog that's blind.

7. Lady—So, you're a fraud, and can see! Your sign says you are blind.

8. Organist—Oh, no. It's de dog that's blind.

9. Lady—So, you're a fraud, and can see! Your sign says you are blind.

10. Organist—Oh, no. It's de dog that's blind.

11. Lady—So, you're a fraud, and can see! Your sign says you are blind.

12. Organist—Oh, no. It's de dog that's blind.

DAY IN A MOORISH HAREM

VANISHING OF POETIC GLAMOUR BEFORE A VISION OF THE REAL.

An American Impressed by the Formlessness and Ugliness of the Women of Morocco.

Tangle Letter in New York Evening Post.

Those beauties of the Orient who, in poetic legend, pass before us glittering in fairy-like garments, vanish abruptly at the approach of actual Moroccan women. At the present day the city streets in Morocco are crowded with women of the most grotesque and repulsive type. They are dressed in sackcloth and coarse cotton. They seem deformed and hunched-backed with babies and bundles strapped between their shoulders, and among them are toothless hags who hobble by, a corner of their rags caught in their mouths. They congregate in the sokos, or market places, where they hawk wares of all kinds, or individually as so many haystacks. They all wear the same kind of huge sunbonnet, which is so broad that the brim has to be suspended from the crown by cords radiating like the spokes of a part-colored wheel. The circles of shadow cast by these hats are almost the only dark spots on the dazzling pavement to which the glare of the sun is added. Even on market days, during the sharpest bargaining, the face veil is not removed. We decided that it is affected to show off their blackened eyelids and hide their other features, which it would not be worth while to try to beautify.

If their great eyes are expressionless it must be remembered that they have only the dark side of life in which to gaze. These women are debased from all cheering enlightenment or elevated action; they are debased by the most repulsive of all vices. Furthermore, their natural protectors do not shield them from exposure. They are so much in the sun that they are as black as death. This fact was clear to us when we visited the public buildings in the city, where the women were strictly excluded from the mosques, but thrown into prison for the smallest as well as the worst offenses.

We had ridden forty miles on muleback from Tangier to Tetuan to visit several harems and study the condition of the prisoners in which so much interest is now felt. We had to be careful not to be taken for convicts, hoping to be rewarded by an invitation to the palace. Fortunately, the police were so accustomed to our presence that they did not suspect us. The entire journey ranked as cold, or chief. He therefore had to follow the harem, feeding the prisoners a regular of his hospitality which is expected instead of given. When we reached the palace, we were met by a guard of twenty-five men, who were to be brought to us, where we waited until the door was opened. At that time there were nearly three hundred men and women confined in that pestiferous hole for the purpose of a single order in particular. In spite of the bribery which the corrupt guards are prone to accept, the prisoners were in a state of ghastly neglect. The women were gnashing their teeth by the side of the basest thief. As neither food nor even water is supplied to the women, many starve if their friends prove neglectful.

NO SECRETS IN PRISON HOUSE.

Loaded down with the bread that arrived hot from the oven in wheelbarrows, and at first unable to see in the dark after passing outside the light of the sun, we entered the guardroom. Lurking in the corners and suspended from the beams in the shadows above were the most diabolical machines of torture, like those in a Spanish fortress, though in Morocco frequent use prevents them from gathering rust or cobwebs. Kicking away a black of long-lashed, bearded men, the guards pulled out a divan with moldering rugs thrown over it, to bring us on the level with the apartment. We looked into the common dungeon. This cavernous inclosure was alive with human forms and vermin, and gave forth an overpowering stench. In order to receive the loaves, broken in halves, which I squeezed through the grating, I had to stoop and thrust myself into their clanking chains, as fast as their feet-iron would allow. These wretched prisoners, who were chained to the wall with the ends of their arms, seemed to be gnashing their teeth by the side of the basest thief. As neither food nor even water is supplied to the women, many starve if their friends prove neglectful.

THE POTENTATE WITH HOLES IN HIS SOCIETY.

The potentate himself held in his lap an absurd little box desk. His form, his smile, and his pink and white robes were very ample; in fact, he appeared affable enough, as he thrust his fingers in and out of the holes in his socks, which his two dozen wives were too busy doing nothing to mend. He soon summoned a tattooed slave, whom I followed through a winding passage into a large room, or harem, a spacious area flooded with light. The orange trees and flowering shrubs were in a fountain built of decorative figures.

The women, in glittering, gauzy robes, passed round the fountain, and the color of their dresses was put on over old ones. They were soon drawn nearer and hovered about me in a changing group, as if they were butterflies attracted by a strange thistle. With an exaggerated motion of their hips in walking, they shambled forward to shake hands with me. They extended the left arm to show off to better advantage their tawdry rings and bracelets, also their dimpled, stained and yellowed hands. Several of the younger wives, probably not more than fourteen years old, were really handsome, with clear eyes, long and deep, dusky eyes. Across their brows they bound a ribbon to hold a silver chain, and just below that was a blue tattoo-mark, with another like it on the chin.

The degree of fatness these ladies attain is a mark of beauty and brings favor. In order to increase the effect of obesity new dresses are put on over old ones. They are griled with a broad belt, stiff with embroidery. The finishing touch, which determines the taste of the wearer, is a figured stuff draped from the back over the shoulders, to be clasped on both sides in front by enormous brooches. This leaves the neck and chest bare, to be adorned in their turn by numerous necklaces, many times twisted.

THE MERRY WIVES OF TETUAN.

When the general review was over a shrewd-looking, peck-marked woman drew me down beside her. Not to be left out, the other wives proceeded to discover how my collar and belt came off, and what sort of fancy work was kept on my neck. They were all in a row, and I was surrounded by them. The several articles in my pocket puzzled them much. I feared at one moment they would try to rub off the blue of my eyes; they appropriated my shell pins and asked me to explain why my hair happened to be blonde. One of them, overproud with an ancient watch made of brass, showed it to me, and I saw that it was a person of property after she had pulled off my gloves as if she were skinning me and then no rings. Then she pulled it up, and suddenly pulling it off, placed it in her hand and thrust the pins wildly through her hair. I saw that she was a person of property after she had pulled off my gloves as if she were skinning me and then no rings. Then she pulled it up, and suddenly pulling it off, placed it in her hand and thrust the pins wildly through her hair.

My own participation in the hilarity pleased me so much on this triumphal parade that they stroked me affectionately, as if

I were a pet kitten, and tucked things away in my pocket. In a smoky place, where there was an oven looking like a prophetic mud-house, they let me taste a dish composed of flour and fatty substances, prepared for the moorish men and slaves and old wives, tattered and scantily clothed, squatted in a circle on the pavement, the contents of a bowl with their shriveled hands, like witches around a cauldron.

THE PASHA'S ANNUAL BRIDE.

The Pasha has married each year, which accounts for these aged wives, badly preserved and virtually discarded. Their jealousy toward the new brides is the only excitement which keeps the harem alive and gossiping—except when it eventuates in tragedy, which is by no means infrequent, according to the resident French physicians.

The harem seemed poverty-stricken. It was almost devoid of reclining cushions. In the upper story there are many winding corridors, but no decently furnished rooms. The pigeon-hole windows are closed, screened from the possible curiosity of outsiders. The suites of former little cells were quickly sealed, and we went downstairs to the state bedchamber. This room had little beside a divan at each end, and a lace-covered table and a stool opposite the doorway. As the only light in these Oriental boudoirs comes from the court, the closing of the shutters had the effect of making the room like a dark cave.

In my tour through the convent-like establishment I saw very few children. These were small ornaments, usually dolls, amulets to keep away the "evil eye." These charms are held in place on the forehead by braids of hair. Clad in dingy frocks, the youngsters pattered over the tiles on their tiny, red-stained feet, singing to the birds overhead. The chief heir was a puny and dirty boy, whom, nevertheless, I carried in my arms as a shield against the too personal familiarity of his elders, and also converted into an excuse for beating a hasty retreat from that noisy crowd of "Merry Wives of Tetuan." I had him out of sight of his father, whose countenance beamed at sight of the apple of his eye. During my absence the potentate had been asking my father many intelligent questions about the work of a college professor. Perhaps among those who, in founding the University of Cordova, created a center of learning for civilized Europe and Asia.

Our host wondered why his guest's children were not married, saying: "The Moorish women make business trips and rescue their wives for their sons, while the girls sometimes send out to the coast on their own responsibility to marry their husbands." Drawing the interview to a graceful close, I wrote and promptly handed his autograph and dismissed us with elaborate compliments.

ORDERING A DINNER.

Few Americans Understand the Art of a Waiter Says.

New York Sun.

"Very few people really know how to order a dinner," said a head waiter who has become famous by the choice menus which he selects for the patrons of the fashionable dining room over which he presides. "And, when many there are who do not know what to choose, will neglect to get the advice of the waiter, who knows exactly what the kitchen holds that is especially good on that particular occasion."

"The gastronomic education of the American is still sadly at fault in many particulars. But the man who orders without consulting the head waiter is quite sure to come to grief."

"The head waiter has to assimilate all the perception of the gourmet with the conservatism of the artist. And as a rule the Americans who have become famous for knowing what to eat have learned it from their waiters."

"They have been chided gently at the club for their ignorance, and they have gradually been rescued from the blindness of steak eating to a comprehension of better things. Once you wear a man from the hide-bound tradition that steak is the one thing that man can live by you can hope to get him out of the abnormal error of fancying turkey an epicurean dish."

"But the American knows his beefsteak and he knows his turkey. He swears by it and if you venture to suggest the superiority of the wild turkey to this other tame monstrosity he looks at you with troubled eyes."

He understands turkey as he has grown to know it, and he never fails to kill its absurdity—its absolute grotesqueness. It never gets on him. It took the keenest of an instinct to get him out of the error of the turkey as a food when he declared "It is a queer bird. Too much for me and not for you."

"Of course, I know it sounds like a sacrilege to attack the turkey, but it is overdone. The turkey is a very common epicurean value. Children like it, and as they grow up it remains a sort of childhood favorite. It is a very common mistake to think of the turkey as a food when it is not."

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The H. Lieber Company.

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The Critical Christmas Shopper

Finds buying easy from the complete selection, such as is here chosen by connoisseurs with care and discretion, and attractively displayed in spacious, well-lighted and specially prepared rooms.

There are so many good pictures here at almost any price you may wish—so many artistic things from the four corners of the world that it is a Christmas treat to view them.

Do Your Christmas Shopping

Early in the Day

Framed Pictures

Such a tremendous assortment as is on view here. Framed pictures covering a wide range of subjects, suited for any room, nook or corner of the home and at almost any price you may choose to expend. The "picture" gift habit is a growing one—nothing better in the whole gift line. Splendid hunting and dining room subjects, all new, at \$1.50 to \$12.

Original Paintings

The months spent by Mr. Lieber in Europe have borne fruit. The splendid line of oils and water colors selected by him—all original studies by artists of reputation—are attracting the attention of every art lover in the State. Artistic pieces, not high priced, \$40 to \$500.

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Are Indians, Mexicans and Cowboys on horseback, new and attractively framed, \$2.50 each.

Ernest Seton Thompson's animal pictures, all the well-known subjects by this artist, framed, \$1.50 each.

Gibson Pictures and Gibson Calendars \$2.75 \$2.00

Picture Framing

Is done here better and at a lower price than at any place in the city. Reasons for that, of course. We have the facilities—selling frames all over the world, the artistic designers and the clever workmen necessary for the success that is ours. A great line of new mirrors, in artistic frames, at a wide range of prices.

The art of burning on wood, leather and similar materials has come to stay. Not a craze, but a legitimate method of applying ornamental designs with striking effect. We have complete sets for the work at a moderate price—only \$4.80. The Pyrophen (for gas) only \$2.50. All supplies and a varied line of articles for decorating in wood and leather.

A camera and a photographic supply department second to none in the West. Every camera of merit at a less price than asked elsewhere. Several hundred new framed pictures at one dollar—you'd call them worth two and three. Artistic bronzes, statuettes, bric-a-brac and charming art pieces. Painting sets for the young, together with drawing and painting books. A galaxy of novel and beautiful art objects, all worth your while.

Get Your Framing Orders in Monday. A Little Time Is Needed

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THE REASON WHY.

Officer—Stand up!

Will Boose—Can't—hie! Got on a fall suit.

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